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ONE SHILLING.

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A GRAVESIDE PRAYER: AN OLD FRENCH PEASANT WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

A touching instance of the warmth of feeling shown by the people of France towards the Americans who have come over to help save their country, is afforded by the action of an aged French woman, Mme. Marguerite Wist, at one of the base ports where the United States forces disembark. She has constituted herself the "godmother" (*marraine*)

of all the Americans, and she appears among the mourners whenever an American soldier, sailor, or marine is buried in the city cemetery. Our photograph shows her praying at the grave of an American infantryman. The sympathy which suggested this to the "godmother" of the U.S.A. forces will be highly appreciated by our American Allies.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

LITERATURE CLEARED FOR ACTION.



By E. B. OSBORN.

THE pulp-word, as I choose to call it, has long been a nuisance both in print and speech. If it could only be ruled out altogether, there would be no lack of pulp-wood even in this fourth year of war-time. The trouble is that many simple souls, like the old lady who spoke of "that blessed word, Mesopotamia," find a power o' good in all long dictionary words. I had hoped the speeding up of life since August 1914 would have cured the nation of its secret liking for all forms of circumlocution. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, a new and fearsome brood of pulp-words has been welcomed into the language since the war began. A Sunday humourist lately gave us a rhymed catalogue, written from the simple-minded person's point of view, of these creeping polysyllables—

Co-ordination, camouflage, liaison, and the like—
Blessed words!—blessed words!—warranted to strike!
Co-ordination . . . camouflage . . . liaison, gentlemen,
and a
Few more of the same which it's bliss to name:
Stabilisation, gentlemen all!—Propaganda!

These are the stock-in-trade of the war expert, whose business, however, is not what it was a year or two ago. Even worse than such paraded polysyllables are the new formulas for bringing about the Millennium to-morrow or the day after. "No annexations or indemnities," which put Russia out

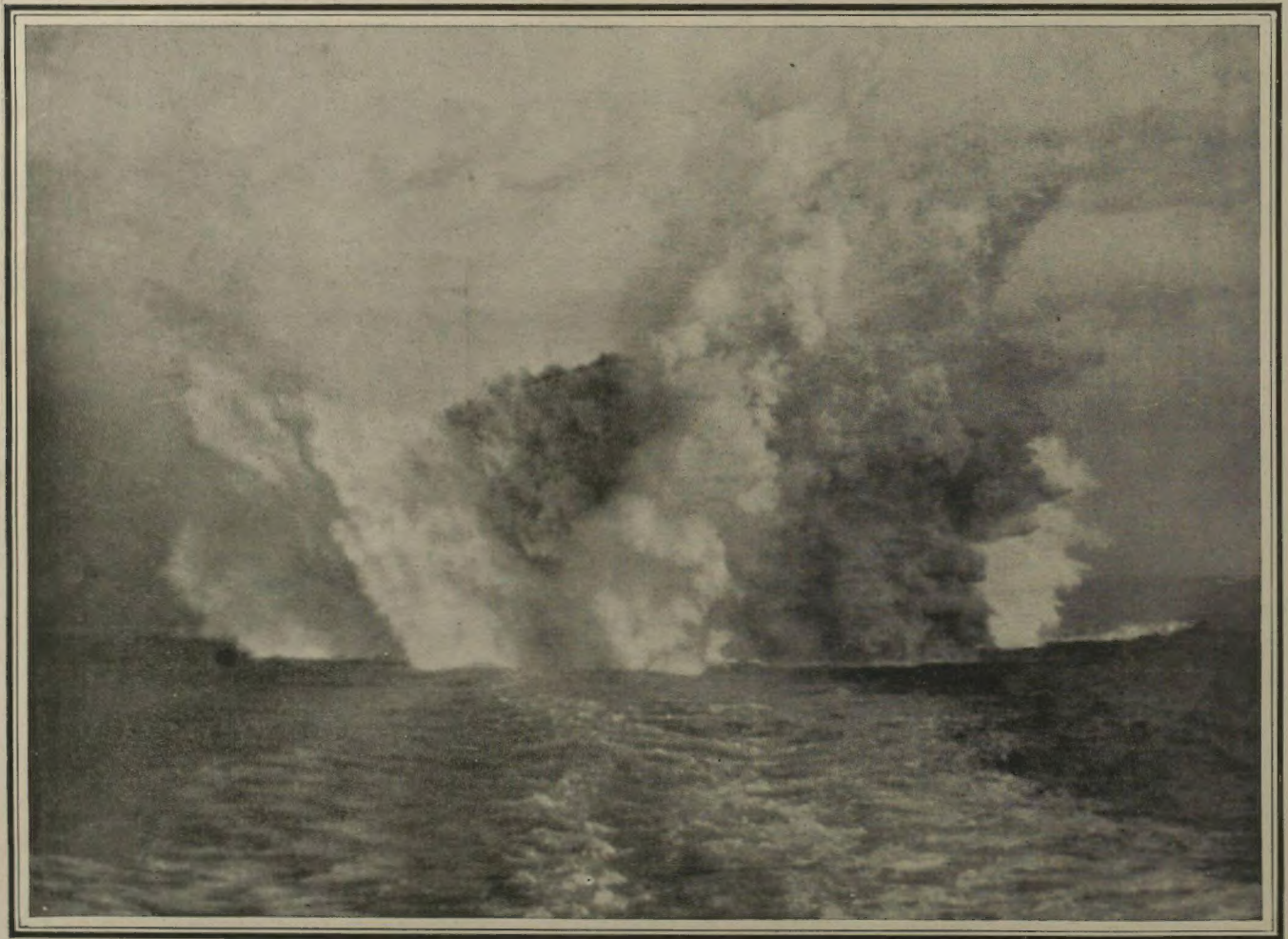
of the war, is now out of fashion; but "self-determination" is still in favour with many well-meaning persons.

Let the writer or speaker who wishes his words to survive him avoid the pulp-word, and imitate the short, sharp diction of our fighting ancestors. In Elizabethan times, it is true, the words that sound and feel like blows were infrequent. The clouded magnificence of Euphuism was more to the taste of the valiant courtiers of Belphebe. Yet her letter to a rebellious bishop—"Proude Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are. Obey me instantly, or I will unfrock you, by God!"—Elizabeth R.—is literature cleared for action indeed. It is probably apocryphal, yet well worthy of one who was often more than man, if sometimes less than woman. As vigorous in small space, but altogether authentic, is the prayer of an old Cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley, before the Battle of Newbury: "Lord, I shall be very busy this day. I may forget Thee, but do not Thou forget me." The great Marquis of Halifax's brief summary of English policy, "Look to your moat," is another excellent example (1694). And Nelson's signal and Pitt's last speech in two sentences are proofs that even the Palladian age, that heyday of meandering Latinity, could not kill the Englishman's genius for sayings as short as his temper.

I have found more of this literature of action in the talk of unlettered men than in modern books. In a "banker" fishing for cod off the iron-bound Newfoundland coast I heard a translated Devonian talk of ghostly men sitting on a haunted rock "warming themselves in the moonlight." "Bitter as a dying man's sweat," said an old freighter in the bad lands of Alberta, pointing to a lake of glaring blue on the horizon. "This working between meals ain't what 'tis cracked up fer to be," observed an ancient hired man at a Saskatchewan threshing supper after a bitter hard day's work. There is not so much of this staunch, pithy stuff as you would think in the realistic war books, excepting those written by the flying men. Now and again, as in this word of warning to the young soldier—

Never quarrel with your pal; walk away—that's best. You never know when he or you, or both, are going West—you do find it in some modest little book by an infantryman. And at times, in talking with naval officers, you hear a story in which the English seaman's cool commonsense is exactly expressed. After the sinking of a destroyer at the Battle of Jutland an officer and a seaman, the latter at his last gasp, were clinging to a belt. Near by, men were on a raft, singing. "I don't know what in 'ell they 'as to sing for," were the seaman's last whispered words. Such matter-of-fact sayings give Death the lie, surely.

"Wasser-Bomben" for U-Boats: A Depth-Charge Dropped by an American Destroyer.



ONE PHASE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S MAGNIFICENT WAR-EFFORT: A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF THE ANTI-SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN.

This remarkable photograph shows the bursting of a depth-bomb just dropped from an American destroyer "with unkind intentions towards U-boats." A U.S. Signal Corps photographer aboard the destroyer caught the picture just as tons of sea-water were upheaved by the terrific force of the explosion. The crews of U-boats do not like depth-bombs. A German submarine commander named Rose, recently lecturing at Munich, said: "The moral effect of the British *Wasser-Bomben* (water-bombs) is great, particularly

on an inexperienced crew, in consequence of the hellish din of the explosion." Admiral Sims, of the U.S. Navy, said in a speech on Independence Day: "We have at present in European waters about 250 vessels, 3000 officers, and 40,000 men. . . . During the coming year more than three times the number of our present destroyers will be fighting with the Allies. Over 150 submarine-chasers will soon be on duty in the war-zone, more than half of them are here now. The submarine campaign has been met."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

ITALY'S CANAL NAVY IN THE RECAPTURED PIAVE DELTA: A PONTOON BATTERY IN ACTION.

DRAWN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



BEING TOWED UP THE CANAL TO CAPO SILE AND FIRING ON THE RETREATING AUSTRIANS: A CAMOUFLAGED ITALIAN PONTOON MOUNTING A 6-INCH NAVAL GUN.

On July 6 the Italian command was able to announce: "To-day the enemy was completely driven on to the left bank of the New Piave. The recapture of all the coastal zone between Capo Sile and Piave brilliantly crowns the victory gained by us, and enlarges the zone of protection of Venice. Altogether since June 15 up to to-day 523 officers and 23,911 other ranks have been made prisoners." Towards the achievement of this great victory excellent work has been done by the pontoons, mounted with big guns, used by the Italian Navy on the canals and cuttings in the Piave delta. They contributed to the recapture of the

important bridge-head at Capo Sile. In order to hamper any advance of the Austrians in this direction, a vast area of the surrounding country had been inundated. "Here," writes Mr. G. Ward Price, "we are in the heart of the desolate lagoons that make a 20-mile-broad meat round Venice. . . . Some way back along the canal are the Italian field-batteries, but their emplacements are pontoons." After a fight he writes: "My pilot dived after he had dropped the bombs. . . . and we flew back towards Venice, the marsh dotted with Italian pontoons mounting long, grey naval guns." (Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

IN FRANCE AND BRITAIN: POLISH TROOPS; AMERICAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BRITISH AND FRENCH OFFICIAL.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN PARIS: OTHER WAR TIME EVENTS.

FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND TOPICAL.



POLISH TROOPS IN FRANCE: RETURNING TO THEIR CANTONMENTS IN THE MARNE AFTER A REVIEW.



WITH THE BACK WHEELS HIGH IN THE AIR: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION AT THE GALLOP ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY IN PARIS: A MARCH-PAST OF UNITED STATES TROOPS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



DIGGING THEMSELVES IN WHERE THERE ARE NO TRENCHES: FRENCH CHASSEURS IN "Trous individuels."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BELGIAN BAND IN LONDON: MARCHING OUT OF VICTORIA STATION.



JAPANESE DECORATIONS FOR FRENCH OFFICERS IN SEINE ET MARNE: GENERAL ROQUES RECEIVING THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN.



OUR INDIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE: PUMPING WATER FOR HORSES ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



FOOT-BATHS FOR TIRED WAR-DOGS AFTER THE DAY'S WORK: A SCENE AT FRENCH ARMY KENNELS.



A RUNNER ON DUTY ON THE BRITISH FRONT: HANDING A MESSAGE TO THE OFFICER OF A COMPANY IN RESERVE.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE VISCOUNT RHONDDA: THE CORTÈGE, WITH MOURNERS ON FOOT, ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH.



RHONDDA: THE CORTÈGE, WITH MOURNERS ON FOOT, ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH.



LORD RHONDDA'S FUNERAL: BEARERS, WITH THE URN—CONTAINING THE ASHES, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The first of the above photographs, that in the left-hand top corner, shows part of the gallant Polish Army now serving in France. It will be remembered that, a few days ago, four of its regiments, constituting the first division which has already fought at the front, were presented by President Poincaré with flags given by the people of Paris, Nancy, Verdun, and Belfort. On that occasion the President of the Polish National Committee, M. Roman Dmowski, declared that the Poles aspire to the regeneration of their country through the victory of the Allies. The first Polish force raised in the present war, it may be recalled, was formed in Galicia against the Russians, but later on, becoming aware of the real designs of Germany and her Allies regarding Poland, the Polish troops refused to continue the fight. Their leader, Josef Piłsudski, was arrested by the Germans, who still keep him interned, and part of the force was

disbanded. After the Brest-Litovsk treaty ceding Polish territory to the Ukraine, the rest of the force, under Colonel Haller, withdrew to Russia. There three Polish corps were organized, but they were not encouraged by the Russian Government, and after a battle with the Germans at Kaniow last May they had to capitulate through lack of ammunition. The only Polish Army existing to-day is that constituted by a decree of the French Republic on June 4, 1917. It is supported by all the Allied Governments, and consists of volunteers from every part of the world, the majority coming from America, where four million Poles live in prosperity.—The funeral of Viscount Rhondda, the late Food Controller, took place on July 6 at Llanwrn, close to his home at Newport. His body had been cremated, and the ashes were buried in a white marble casket. His daughter, Lady Mackworth, succeeds to the peerage, under a special remainder, as Viscountess Rhondda.

The Regeneration of the Holy Land: Palestine under British Protection.



AT A RECEPTION BY THE JEWISH COMMUNITY IN JERUSALEM: GENERAL ALLENBY SPEAKING AFTER RECEIVING A CASKET CONTAINING THE SCROLL OF THE LAW.



BRINGING BACK THE SCROLLS OF THE LAW (HIDDEN SINCE THE TURKISH OCCUPATION): A CEREMONY AT JAFFA.



THE ZIONIST COMMISSION'S TOUR IN PALESTINE: A PROCESSION IN TEL ABIB ACCOMPANIED BY MACCABEAN BOY SCOUTS.



THE ZIONIST COMMISSION IN PALESTINE: DR. WEIZMANN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION AT DINNER.

The British authorities in Palestine have restored courts of justice and police, and have carried out much relief work. The Turks had pillaged everything and ransacked Government buildings. Civic books and records, such as Scrolls of Law, had been removed. Under British protection these have been brought back amid ceremonial rejoicing.—The Zionist Commission, headed by Dr. Weizmann, arrived in Jerusalem on April 10. In a speech next day, he thanked the British Government, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour,

and General Allenby, for their work in liberating Palestine. The crowd were roused to intense enthusiasm. In a later speech at an official dinner at the Governor's house, he explained the Zionist aims, urging that Jews, Arabs, and Armenians should work together, and that Palestine should not be internationalised, but placed under the protection of one of the civilised democratic Powers. The Grand Mufti replied in Arabic. Dr. Weizmann spoke of Britain "as the greatest of Bible-loving nations."—[Official Photographs.]

On the March in Gas-Masks: U.S. Infantry in France.



IN THE DANGER ZONE: A DETACHMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR THE TRENCHES.

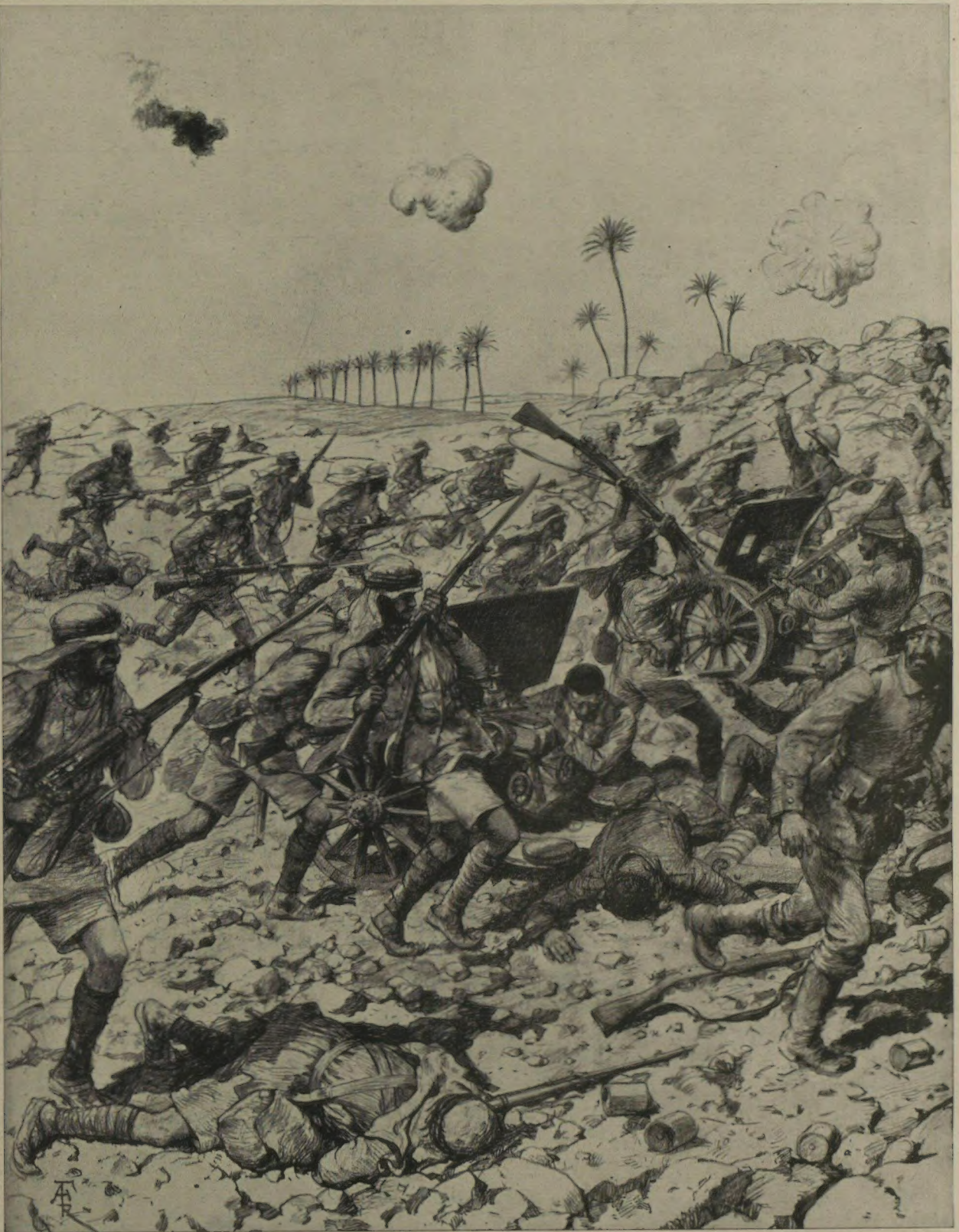
Like all the troops of the Allies, American units under training, alike in England and in France, omit no single detail of battlefield practice. Machine and anti-aircraft work in all its branches, bombing and trench-bayonet fighting, for example, are included in the curriculum that every American officer and man has to go through, together with,

as another essential, gas-mask drill and field evolutions in gas-masks. Troops everywhere go into action, whenever there is a likelihood of gas shells being employed, wearing their masks, and the accustoming of the men to marching masked, and having their masks on while manoeuvring in attack formations, is part of the everyday drill routine.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

ARABS DEFEAT TURKS: A VICTORIOUS CHARGE BY HEDJAZ TROOPS.

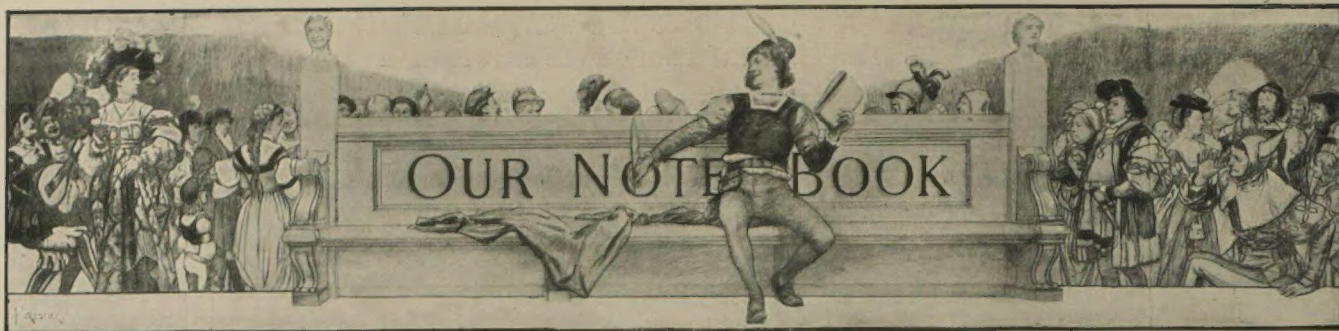
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



"THE ARAB FORCES HAVE ACCOUNTED FOR FULLY 40,000 TURKISH TROOPS": SOLDIERS OF THE KING OF HEDJAZ CAPTURING AN AUSTRIAN HOWITZER FROM THE TURKS.

While the British forces in Palestine have moved northward from Jerusalem, the Arab troops of the King of Hedjaz have greatly contributed to their success by engaging the Turks further south, driving them up the Red Sea coast, and also making continual and successful raids upon the Hedjaz Railway east of the Dead Sea. Thus, a few weeks ago it was announced that an Arab column had raided two stations 40 and 50 miles north of Maan. The King of Hedjaz, it will be remembered, was admitted as an Ally in the Great War in July 1916, when Arabia declared her Independence. His successful plan of campaign, conducted by his Emirs and Sheriffs, lies along the route of the Turkish

Hedjaz railway and the Red Sea littoral. As stated not long since in Parliament, "the Arab forces have occupied, isolated, or accounted for fully 40,000 Turkish troops and over 100 guns. . . . The Red Sea coast of the Hedjaz has been cleared of Turks along a distance of 800 miles. The military railway has been continuously interrupted, and severe losses inflicted on the material and rolling stock." In the illustration the Hedjaz troops may be identified by the national Arab head-dress of white cloth with its black-brown camel's-hair band. The Turks wear the "Envariah" khaki sun-helmet. An Austrian mountain howitzer is seen being captured.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

TWO men, admired and admirable in very different ways, have lately written on the scheme of a League of Nations—Lord Grey and Mr. H. G. Wells. One thing they have in common: it is the thing for which they are the most blamed, and for which they ought to be most praised—their idealism. Whether we accept their ideal or no, we ought to thank them for making it clear as an ideal. To dismiss idealism as impossibility is not even practical; it is like blaming an archer for aiming at the white, and telling him that pure white is unknown in nature, and that the centre of a circle is an imaginary point without parts or magnitude. The answer is that if you are not aiming you are not even shooting, but only shedding arrows as a fowl sheds feathers. To have an ideal is simply to have an aim; and there is nothing practical in being aimless. But the real mistake arises from supposing that white is the only colour, that we all take as an ideal object anything that happens to be white—as, for instance, whitewash, or whited sepulchres, or the white flag. In other words, the real mistake consists in thinking there is only one ideal, which is at once obvious and colourless. This is no more true of national and international ideals than of any other. It is not admitted, as some seem to suppose, that the ideal that is vaster and vaguer is necessarily higher. Humanity is larger and more varied than a nation; so is a harem larger and more varied than a wife.

A League of Nations really stands or falls with the truth of its title. If it is really a League of Nations it may really be a noble thing; but, as presented by some people, it is rather a League for the Abolition of Nations. It is not a scheme to guarantee the independence of States, but at best to guarantee their safety if they will sacrifice their independence. There is surely, however, a much more human and more hopeful interpretation of the idea than this. What is wanted, and what might well be provided, is a league for the defence of nationality. Now this primary distinction, in the ideal or the aim, is a good example of how practical it is to discuss aims and ideals. For this brings us at once to the simplest answer to the most serious question: Shall the League consist of the Allies, at any rate to begin with; or are we to wait for the conversion of Germany, or are we to accept an unconverted Germany?

The answer is that the Allies have a right to call themselves a League of Nations, in a sense in which Germany has, in plain fact, no part. It is not a boast; it is not a piece of partisan, or even patriotic, sentiment; it is a piece of past history.

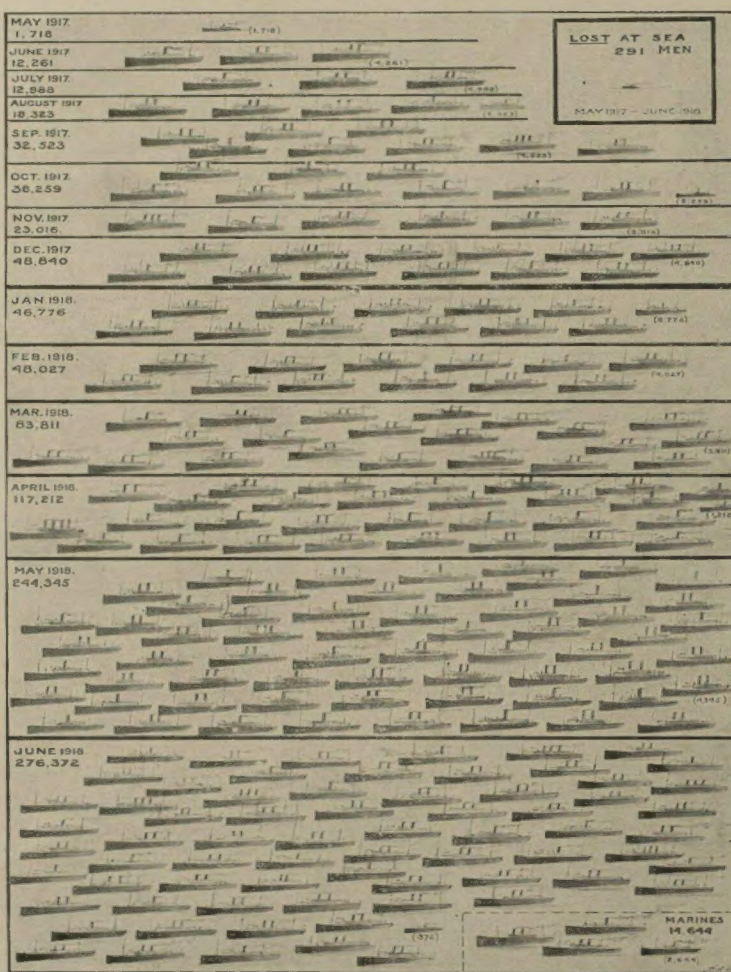
The Allies may end as a League of Nations because they began as a League of Nations, in the strict sense of a scheme for preserving nationality—or rather, nationalities. It was not only a union of different things, but of things that wished to remain different. They not only helped each other while remaining unlike each other—they helped each other because they wished to remain unlike each other. It was not a desire of the French to be Anglicised, or the English to be Frenchified,

and it is necessary to compose a separate slander against each. The one thing which they have had in common is that each nation was in a special and literal sense defending itself—that is, its right to be itself. The Allies have this particular ideal—not in pedantic plans drawn up on paper at the end of the war, but in the real and original pressure of the popular passions at the beginning of the war. They have at least one rudimentary convenience not altogether useless in the formation of a League of Nations—they have the nations.

We hear a great deal in these days about democratic diplomacy. But one thing is quite certain—that, if diplomacy ever is democratic, it will not be cosmopolitan; it will not be, in the sense intended by the intellectuals, even international. If it is in the least popular, it will be very national. Does anybody believe that when an agricultural labourer from Hampshire or Berkshire enlists and fights and dies, he does it for any political combination except England, or appeals to any international tribunal except God? While the labourer's outlook may need to be widened, there is one way in which it could and should be widened, and another in which the change is neither possible nor desirable. I do not think he ever will be, or ever ought to be, taught to forget his county and his country in favour of some piece of world-politics worked by wire-pullers at the Hague. But I do think he could be, and ought to be, taught to remember that other men love other counties and other countries; I think he would be much more in touch with such a truism than many more cultivated and perverted people.

The value of the Alliance, and the great emotions in which it originated, is precisely that it was an imaginative movement of this kind. The poor and plain Englishman did really begin to feel something much more human than a solidarity with the Belgian International—a sympathy with the Belgian nationality. He

felt not only for their poverty and their pain, but for their patriotism—for the flag which intellectuals call a rag and the nation which they call a name. That is the only line along which we could ever really develop a democratic diplomacy. That is the real hope in the ideal of a League of Nations. If it is genuine, it will be a league of all the men who love their own lands to respect each other. If it is anything else, it will merely be a clique of the very few who forget their own lands to interfere with each other's. Between these two opposites the modern world must choose; and it is typical of modern lucidity that the two opposites are known by the same name.



AMERICA'S ANNUS MIRABILIS: THE MIRACLE OF U.S. TROOPS TRANSPORT SHOWN IN DIAGRAM. Each section of the diagram corresponds to one of the fourteen months, from May 1917 to June 1918 inclusive, for which the numbers of U.S. troops carried across the Atlantic were recently announced by President Wilson. For the purpose of the diagram, each vessel was considered as carrying 4000 men, except in a few cases where other figures are given. The total number (including 14,644 Marines) was 1,015,115. In view of the submarine menace, the number lost at sea—291—is wonderfully small. Since last March the numbers brought over have greatly and progressively increased.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

that created the Anglo-French Entente: it was the desire of the French to remain French and the English to remain English. The Serbians had a dread of being drawn into the system of Austria; the Belgians had a dread of being drawn into the system of Germany; but nobody ever thought the Belgians were in danger of being drawn into the system of Serbia.

Whatever else the Central Empires may say against their enemies, they cannot say their enemies are all alike, that one description will cover them all—or even that one insult will hit them all. They have to be abused one at a time,

OVER A MILLION ALREADY: THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



SUPERVISED BY A BRITISH CAPTAIN (ON LEFT): AMERICAN MACHINE-GUNNERS IN FRANCE AT PRACTICE WITH LIGHT VICKERS MACHINE-GUNS.



ON THE WAY TO THE TOWN THEY SO GALLANTLY DEFENDED: AMERICAN INFANTRY IN FRANCE MARCHING TO CHATEAU-THIERRY.

An inspiring announcement was made by President Wilson just before Independence Day as to the growing strength of the United States Army in France. He quoted a report by the Secretary for War (Mr. Newton D. Baker), that "more than one million American soldiers have sailed from the ports in this country to participate in the war in France."

The actual total was 1,019,115. The number returned, or become casualties, was given as 8165, and of these—thanks to "superbly efficient" Naval protection—only 291 had been lost at sea. Mr. Baker also said that progress in shipping troops overseas was such that the U.S. was six months ahead of the original programme.

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING SERVICE, JULY 6, 1918:

DRAWN BY

THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

S. BEGG.



"GOD SAVE THE KING!": THE SINGING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

On July 6, the twenty-fifth ("Silver Wedding") anniversary of the marriage day of King George and Queen Mary (then Duke and Duchess of York) in 1893, the King and Queen, with Prince Albert in one carriage, and Princess Mary and Prince Henry and Prince George in the second, drove from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's, by way of the Strand and Temple Bar, to attend the special Silver Wedding Day service. At St. Paul's, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered a special sermon on the occasion. The service was timed to coincide with the hour of the wedding at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on July 6, 1893. At St. Paul's Cathedral all the members of the Royal Family and relatives of the King and Queen in England were present. Queen Alexandra sat beside the King, and with her (of immediate relatives of their Majesties) were Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), and

Princess Maud, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Louise, Princess Christian. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Viscount Trematon and Lady May Cambridge, the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, the Earl of Eltham, Lady Victoria Cambridge, Lady Helena Cambridge, and Lord Frederick Cambridge. From St. Paul's the King and Queen and Royal Family drove to the Guildhall, where their Majesties received the City's Silver Wedding Gilt. The return was by way of Oxford Street. In the illustration are seen, in the foreground, the Queen, the King, and Queen Alexandra. In the front row are, from left to right: Prince Albert, Prince George, Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, Prince Henry. On the extreme right is the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, with whom are the Dominion Premiers.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

From Lambeth to Bedford: The Romance of a Great Engineer.

BY AUSTIN BRERETON.

SOME forty years ago a district in Lambeth bore an unenviable notoriety, and was certainly not the recognised place for the development of a large engineering works. It was in this apparently unpromising spot that the founder of a firm which is playing an important part in the war pitched his tent, so to speak, in the year 1880. The irrigation of Egypt was uppermost in the minds of scientific men; the drainage of Holland was a subject of vast importance. There was big work to be done for the mercantile marine. York Street, Lambeth, was the scene of action. It was here that William Henry Allen, then thirty-six years of age, and with sound education and much practical experience, laid the foundation of the great firm whose works at Bedford were visited by their Majesties the King and Queen at the end of last month. Vast quantities of machinery for Egypt and Holland and for our ships were manufactured at Lambeth, until the business had grown to such an extent that much more space than was available in the neighbourhood was required. It was at this juncture that a stroke of good fortune came, quite unexpectedly, and the situation was solved. The London and South-Western Railway needed the land whereon the engineering works stood, and, without any hesitation or legal preliminaries, they acquired the property. So the grime and gloom of Lambeth were left for the broad fields of Bedford.

And it was a fair scene upon which their Majesties looked when they inspected the extensive workshops which are the outcome of Messrs. Allen's Engineering Works at Bedford, which came into being in 1894. Strangely enough, what was then a green field has retained much of its open-air feeling to this day. To the lay mind, engineering works are connected with dust and smoke. Upon arriving at Bedford, the visitor sees none of the outward and visible signs which are associated with manufacturing towns. Leaving the residential part of the town behind, a walk of five minutes from the Midland Station and you face a garden behind which are the offices of the directors and the technical department. From here we proceed to the elaborate, well-ordered workshops where the firm, having passed from the piping times of peace, now make main propelling-engines for the Admiralty. This is one branch of their war-work, and, from point of view of appearance and weight, by far the heaviest and most imposing. One phase which impresses the spectator is the amount of fine machinery required for this work.

From the Admiralty section one goes to the great sheds where engines for aeroplanes are being turned out in very large numbers. Special works

were built and equipped for the purpose. A very delicate and ingenious piece of mechanism indeed is the engine of the aeroplane; and that made here is a marvellously fine piece of workmanship. Much of the detail is done by women, who form a considerable portion of the people employed in this work for the war.

The works have had a close connection with the Navy ever since the foundation of the firm, three specialties to which particular attention has been devoted consisting of machinery for electric lighting, for air-supply to boiler-rooms, and for circulating water through the condensers of the main engines of ships. It may be said without fear of contradiction that there is hardly a vessel of any

But he has done something more than that. He has provided his work-people with air. To one who is ignorant, like the present writer, of the many ramifications and technicalities of an engineering works, perhaps the most striking feature in connection with these vast series of "shops" at Bedford is the prevailing purity of the atmosphere. Despite the vastness of the works—and they occupy some twenty-five acres—not a detail seems to have been left out which could conduce to the comfort and convenience of these three thousand-and-odd people. All the buildings have a north aspect, so that they are not unduly hot even in such a summer as we are now experiencing. Moreover, they are admirably ventilated by an ingenious system which provides a constant current of fresh, invigorating air. The same apparatus is turned to account in winter, when warm air is supplied. A building for women provides accommodation for some 600 workers, who, for a few coppers, get an excellent, well-cooked meal. The men also are well looked after. In their Institute, a large hall where they have entertainments, is an interesting Roll of Honour: the portraits of men who have been in continuous employment of the firm for a quarter of a century—a tribute to masters as well as men. Indeed, this personal and intimate touch, notable throughout the entire works, is one direct result of the personal interest which the Allens take in their people. It is all, truly, a family affair. For, although the company is a "limited"



ROYAL INTEREST IN ENGINEERING WORK FOR THE WAR: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH SOME OF THE OLDEST EMPLOYEES AT MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN, SON, AND CO., LTD., BEDFORD.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

class in His Majesty's Navy which does not contain the special auxiliary machinery which has emanated from Allen's. Naturally, this constant and intimate association with the Navy has brought the company into contact with the majority of the graving docks in the country, both in His Majesty's dockyards and in those of private companies. Pumping machinery has been a specialty of the firm ever since its inception, the design and construction thereof being improved from time to time. It goes without saying that the increase in the output of special auxiliary machinery during the last four years has been enormous. Apart from that, the firm has met many special requirements of the Admiralty by constructing machines of a confidential nature.

In addition to all this, it is no exaggeration to say that the "Allen" enclosed high-speed engine is well known throughout the world. These engines are made in standard sizes, which vary from 10 to 2000 horse-power. The founder of the firm was one of the earliest designers of the auxiliary centrifugal circulating pumping engine which was fitted to the White Star ships in the early 'seventies.

one, the business belongs to Mr. Allen and his sons and other relatives. In 1889, Mr. W. H. Allen—whose great activity and capacity for unlimited work remain unimpaired to-day, although he has passed his three-score years and ten—took into partnership his eldest son, Mr. Richard W. Allen. In 1904, for family reasons, the firm was converted into a company under the style of W. H. Allen, Son, and Co., Ltd., with the founder as chairman. Mr. Richard W. Allen, C.B.E., is the managing director; Mr. Harold Gwynne Allen, director and engineering manager; Mr. Rupert S. Allen, director and manager of the electrical department; Col. P. B. Crowe, V.D. (late of the City of London Regt.), who is serving in France, London director; and Mr. George P. Allen, architect. In short, Mr. Allen and his family conduct their own finances and commerce, and do their own scientific work. So that the personal element is never wanting. Nor have the energies of the head of the firm been confined to the great works which have brought so much prosperity to Bedford. The Church of All Saints owes much to his munificence. He was High Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1904-5. Finally, be it said that Mr. Allen is the Vice-President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

ROYAL INTEREST IN WAR ENGINEERING: THE VISIT TO BEDFORD.



AT MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN, SON, AND CO.'S ENGINEERING WORKS, BEDFORD:
IN THE DYNAMO-MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT.



ANOTHER DEPARTMENT OF MESSRS. ALLEN'S ENGINEERING WORKS:
IN THE AERO AUTOMATIC MACHINE SHOP.



A PART OF THE WORKS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR WAR PURPOSES: THE AERO-ENGINE
MACHINING DEPARTMENT.



ANOTHER VIEW IN THE AERO-ENGINE MACHINING DEPARTMENT:
PART OF A HUGE BRANCH OF THE WORKS.



THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO MESSRS. ALLEN'S WORKS AT BEDFORD:
THE KING AND QUEEN WITH TWO OF THE DIRECTORS.



THE KING AND QUEEN INSPECTING THE WORKS WITH THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRM:
HER MAJESTY AND MR. W. H. ALLEN.

The famous engineering works of Messrs. W. H. Allen, Son, and Co., at Bedford, which their Majesties the King and Queen recently visited, afford an interesting example of the development of a vast business out of small beginnings. As related in an article elsewhere in this number, the firm was founded at Lambeth in 1880 by Mr. W. H. Allen, who is still hale and vigorous, and in active harness, although now over seventy. In 1894 the establishment was transferred to Bedford, where the works were constructed on the most hygienic principles with a view to the welfare of the employees, between

whom and the firm the happiest relations exist. During the war Messrs. Allen have executed an immense amount of valuable and important work for the Government, especially the Admiralty. Among other things they make main propelling engines for ships, aeroplane-engines (for whose construction special sheds were built, machinery for electric lighting, air-supply in boiler-rooms, and water-circulation in marine engines, and pumping apparatus. Much of the detail work in the aeroplane-engine department is done by women, who were naturally delighted to welcome the Queen.

A GREAT ANGLO-AMERICAN OCCASION: THE HISTORIC

DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG; PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.,

BASEBALL MATCH ATTENDED BY THE KING AND QUEEN.

TOPICAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



THE PITCHER.

THE BATTER.

THE UMPIRE.

THE CATCHER.

THE GAME IN PROGRESS: A LEFT-HANDED BATTER STRIKING.



A SOUVENIR FOR PRESIDENT WILSON: THE KING PRESENTING AN AUTOGRAPHED BALL.



AN OBJECT-LESSON IN FACETIOUSNESS: SOME OF THE U.S. NAVY "ROOTERS" WORKING FOR THEIR TEAM.



THE ROYAL PARTY: (L. TO R. SEATED IN FRONT) THE KING, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, QUEEN MARY (CENTRE), AND (NEXT BUT ONE) PRINCESS MARY.



OF SYMBOLIC IMPORTANCE: THE BRITISH BULL-DOG; WITH AN AMERICAN PLAYER.

AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS
CELEBRATE THE VICTORY
BY A TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

AFTER THE VICTORY OF THE U.S. NAVY OVER THE U.S. ARMY: A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF AMERICAN SAILORS ACROSS THE GROUND.

If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it may be that it will be said hereafter, in the same symbolic sense, that the Great War was won on the baseball ground at Chelsea on July 4, 1918, the 142nd Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. The idea is not so fantastic as it seems, for, as the "Times" well says: "Two peoples who have learnt to play together are not far from complete understanding," and it is incontestable that the new union of hearts and brotherhood-of-arms between the British peoples and their American kindred, and the rougher aid that has come, and is coming, across the Atlantic, are going to prove the decisive factors in the war. The importance of the Chelsea match from the international point of view was marked by the presence of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family, with a large company of distinguished visitors, both American

and British. Altogether two spectators numbered from ground to ground. The match was between teams of the United States Army and Navy, the Navy winning on a run to tie. When the game began, the players were presented to his Majesty, who shook hands with the captains, and handed over a ball on which he had written his autograph. This ball was not actually used for the match, but kept as a memento for President Wilson. The scene on the ground was one of extraordinary enthusiasm. According to American custom, each side had its supporters among the crowd, known as "rooters," whose business it is to encourage their team by cheers, songs, and yells and "all kinds of music" of the most ear-splitting sort. The day was truly a triumph. The royal visitors were hailed by a chorus ending "Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! King George, Queen Mary, Great Britain!"

THE AEROPLANE THAT FLEW ITSELF: ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF FLIGHT.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.



"THE CRUISE OF THE DEAD": A BRITISH AEROPLANE WHICH, WITH PILOT AND OBSERVER DEAD, FLEW FOR HOURS UNCONTROLLED, AND GROUNDED WITHOUT "CRASHING."

With regard to this extraordinary occurrence on the battle-front, Mr. Boyd Cable writes: "The incident depicted is one of the most amazing instances in the records of the war of the stability of a British aeroplane, and the reliability of an engine. Some reports of the incident have several times recently been published, but, oddly enough, the performance was credited to another type of machine than the one actually concerned. The machine was an artillery observing one, and was out 'doing a shoot,' directing our artillery fire on enemy positions, when it was attacked by six Albatros scouts. The pilot refused to dive away, and engaged the enemy; one Albatros was brought down with a damaged engine and a wounded pilot, and, landing in our lines, was captured. Meanwhile the fight against odds continued, and another machine of the same squadron,

seeing it, came to the rescue. After a short but hot action, the remaining enemies were driven off over their own lines. Our second machine then returned to its aerodrome to renew ammunition supplies, and the first one was then apparently all right. It did not return to its 'drome that day, however, and nothing was heard of it until the following night, when it was found in a field fifty miles back in an air-line from the scene of combat, with both pilot and observer dead in their seats. It was proved conclusively that both men must have been killed instantaneously, and that the machine had flown itself in wide circles, drifting with the wind for some hours until the petrol ran out, when it came down in a steep glide and landed, without completely wrecking itself as might have been expected."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

FIRE IN THE AIR: A RISK WHOSE FREQUENCY IS EXAGGERATED.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THERE have appeared of late a number of newspaper paragraphs recording the deaths of aviators through their machines catching fire in the air; also articles on what it feels like to be in a blazing aeroplane. There have been official notifications of awards to heroic aviators who have by their skill and determination in cases of fire saved their own lives and those of their passengers and have landed safely. There have been various pictures of aeroplanes on fire in the air. And the phrase "shot down in flames" has become a commonplace.

It is certainly regrettable that so much publicity should be given to fires in the air, for it is possible that if the mistaken idea that fires are unduly frequent in aeroplanes became general the supply of pilots for the Royal Air Force might be adversely affected. A man may be the bravest of the brave, and may be perfectly willing and proud to die for his country, and yet may shrink from being burnt.

Also relatives who read these gruesome stories may suffer much unnecessary anxiety. As a matter of fact, though such incidents have in fact happened, they are nothing like so prevalent as sensation-mongers are likely to make people believe. Nevertheless, just because fires do happen from time to time, it seems eminently desirable not only to remove the impression that the risk is inordinately great, but to show clearly that the risk can be almost entirely eliminated. One believes, in fact, that the time is very near when being burnt in an aeroplane will be as uncommon as is being burnt on board a ship.

Fires which do occur in aeroplanes while in the air are of two distinct kinds, apart altogether from fires in machines which have caught fire on the ground as the result of an accident. The first kind of fire is caused by a defect in the machine itself, either in the engine or in the petrol-supply arrangements. One may include in this class fires which are caused by the stupidity or lack of attention to instructions on the part of the pilot himself, or of his mechanics, or even of his commanding officer, for the ideal aeroplane would be both fire-proof and fool-proof. The fond feminine relative may do much by her influence to prevent such fires by impressing on the would-be aviator the need for care, without at all trying to induce him to give up flying.

The second kind of fire is caused by enemy action, either by shells from anti-aircraft guns, or by bullets, incendiary or otherwise, from enemy aircraft.

There are various ways in which aeroplanes can be set on fire in the air by accident or by carelessness, but probably one example which combines both may suffice. Some time ago fires occurred in a certain very good type of aeroplane with a certain type of engine. By good luck it was discovered, before very much harm had been done, that the vibration of this engine broke the petrol-pipe from the main tank close to the carburetter. The result was that the petrol, fed

under pressure, used to squirt out all over the engine and into the space beneath it in the body of the machine. When the carburetter had run dry the engine used to "pop back" in the way familiar to all motorists who have run short of petrol, and set fire to all this free petrol, which, being sucked back towards the rear of the machine, soon set the whole thing alight. When this cause was discovered, it was very simply rectified by cutting all petrol-pipes of existing machines of the type and putting on a petrol-proof rubber joint, which absorbed the vibration. Instructions to this effect were promptly issued to all units equipped with this machine.

The obvious preventive of fire due to such a cause, which would occur at once to anybody, is to make the tanks of bullet-proof steel. But bullet-proof plate is decidedly heavier than the very light material of which petrol-tanks for aeroplanes are made, and a war aeroplane depends for its efficiency very largely on its extreme lightness. Consequently, hitherto, armoured tanks have been impossible.

Nevertheless, now that engines and the structure of the aeroplanes themselves are so much lighter than they used to be, the possibility of bullet-proof tanks certainly arises. One hears of the Germans using such tanks in the specially built machines which they use for low-flying attacks on troops on the ground, and one may in fairness assume that our own people are not behind-hand in making similar efforts. Thus one feels safe in prophesying that this cause of fire may also be eliminated before very long.

There is, however, another field of investigation which engineers might well study—the production of an engine using what might be called non-inflammable fuel. The Diesel engine, which burns crude petroleum-oil of such quality that it can only be exploded under special circumstances, was a German invention, though largely used in all other countries, so the idea is far from being a secret. The enemy has apparently reached his limit in developing that type of engine; but there seems no good reason why the more ingenious Englishman or Frenchman or Italian or American should not go a step further, and produce ultimately an engine using fuel which only becomes inflammable when it is actually inside the engine itself, where it cannot set fire to anything.

Meantime, much might be done by embodying in aeroplanes a life-saving parachute as a standard fitting, just as life-buoys are carried by all ships. Some years before the war the late M. Pégoud demonstrated that it was

possible to get out of a single-seated aeroplane and descend by means of a parachute. Since then many parachute descents have been made from aeroplanes and from moving airships. Descents from kite-balloons by parachute are daily occurrences at the front. Therefore it seems that there should be little or no difficulty in descending from a burning or disabled aeroplane. One has read of men throwing themselves overboard from burning aeroplanes. If they took a parachute with them their chances of living would be greatly improved.

The moral of the French and British flying services has never been so high as it is today. It is very much higher than that of the enemy's aviators. Yet, if the danger of fire in the air could only be eliminated, or even if a man knew that he had a sporting chance of getting out of a burning machine alive, one feels certain that the fine offensive spirit of our aviators would be greatly enhanced.



FLIGHT AT BAGHDAD: A BRITISH AIRMAN DOING "STUNTS" OVER THE CITY.
Photograph supplied by Central News.

In spite of this, certain other machines caught fire in precisely the same way, and people began to wonder whether the cure was real. But, when careful investigations were made, it was found that the instructions had not in these cases been carried out. So far as that particular type of machine is concerned, the danger of fire from that cause has been abolished.

Fires due to enemy action are almost always of one of two kinds. Either a shell-splinter or a bullet punctures a petrol-tank or cuts a petrol-pipe, so that the petrol gushes out under the air-pressure—which is necessary to force it out to the carburetter—and catches fire from the engine; or else an explosive or incendiary bullet from an enemy gun sets fire to the petrol-gas. If an incendiary bullet goes right into a tank full of petrol it will probably be drowned out, for petrol needs air with it in large proportions before it will catch fire. But if a tank is once punctured the odds are all in favour of an incendiary bullet setting it on fire within the next minute or two.

LEST EVIL BEFALL: PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES AT A FRENCH CHURCH.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

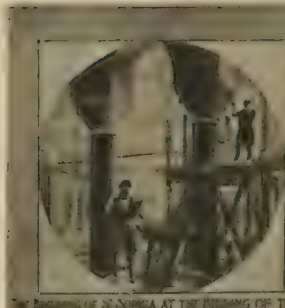


SAFEGUARDING A FAMOUS MEDIEVAL STAINED-GLASS MASTERPIECE AT BEAUVAIS: TAKING DOWN THE CELEBRATED
"LIFE OF ST. NICHOLAS" WINDOWS IN ST. STEPHEN'S.

Historic and ancient French churches and cathedrals and other famous edifices are in constant danger from enemy shells and bombs. Only last week the Bishop of Amiens, at an interview, related how recently shells have been bursting round Amiens Cathedral; but so far without damaging the fabric. The Pope, said the Bishop, had specially intervened on behalf of Amiens Cathedral, the architectural beauty of which is world-famous, and the Germans had "promised to spare Amiens Cathedral." They had not kept their word, the prelate added; but, he also said, "most of the artistic treasures have

been removed to a safe place." One measure that is adopted in cathedrals and churches all over Northern France is shown here—the removal of historic and artistic stained glass from the windows. The church in question is that of St. Stephen, a twelfth-century edifice completed later, at Beauvais, in the Department of the Oise, 55 miles due north of Paris. The window is a marvel of artistic craftsmanship, and widely famous. Its setting, resplendent with coloured glass of the most wonderful hues of ruby, sapphire, topaz, and amethyst, forms a complete representation of recorded incidents in the life of St. Nicholas.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THE BUILDING OF HAGIA SOPHIA AT THE BEGGING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN. AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.



THE SETTING UP OF THE LARGEST METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE ORIENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE. JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN DRAWN UP BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTONIUS OF TRALLAS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, 1453, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOFIA.

CRITICS of Charles Darwin's immortal theory of Evolution there always have been, and will be. And it is well that this should be so. But most of those who have ventured to criticise have shown themselves woefully unequal to the task. His opponents, however, are not his only

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.

race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The struggle for existence is not simply a struggle between individuals of the same

moment arrives when A and B shall come into conflict, if that moment ever arrives, both A and B must have proved themselves able to survive the normal and abnormal variations of climate, for example, and the normal attacks of disease, as well as of other and less insidious enemies.

The "survival of the fittest" does not mean the survival of the fittest from the human standpoint, but the "fittest" for its own particular environment. The tape-worm is as much the product of evolution as is man himself. The "struggle for existence" applies as much to cabbages as to tigers. A field of wheat left to itself would, in a very few seasons, become a field of thistles and poppies—because these are the "fittest" for the environment represented by the field. The wheat survives only under artificial conditions imposed and controlled by man. There is not the slightest warrant for the contention that the Darwinian theory is discredited because it is founded on a doctrine of Force. This is but a travesty of that theory, held only by those who have no practical acquaintance with the problems presented by the study of living things.

Folly can go no further than to demand that we should displace the Darwinian theory since it is a doctrine of Force—which it most emphatically is not—with a new doctrine of "Power" which is to be founded on the cult of the "emotions." This is nothing less than clotted nonsense; but it is nevertheless advocated, in all seriousness, by the latest self-appointed leader of the human race. Let there be no mistake about it—we are cherishing a vain hope when we imagine that we shall have found salvation when we have turned our swords into ploughshares. "Power" without Force behind it is but an emasculated semblance of reality. To bid us ban Darwin and all his



BRITISH MILITARY ENGINEERS AT WORK: THE RESTORATION OF THE WELLS AND CISTERNS OF BETIN.

Egyptian Official Photograph.

enemies. Many of his champions have no less failed to grasp even the general trend of his views. But so long as these exponents, whether for or against the theory, confined themselves to academic discussion, no great harm was done. It becomes quite otherwise, however, when the attempt is made to apply a garbled and distorted version of this theory to social or political ends. Bernhardt may be taken as an example of this misapplication, and his interpretation has had most lamentable results. He is not the only offender, however. But the latest—and, perhaps, the worst—is the writer of a recent book (which I will not advertise) who assures us that the "Origin of Species" has become "the Bible of the doctrine of the omnipotence of force." For him, "Darwinism pure and simple" may be summed up in the phrase—made by another blind leader of the blind—that "if A was able to kill B before B killed A, then A survived, and the race became a race of A's inheriting A's qualities."

This is not merely a travesty of Darwinism—it is a mischievous misrepresentation likely to have harmful results in many directions. Throughout this book the uninitiated is led to suppose that the Darwinian theory is concerned only with the struggles for mastery between related groups of individuals. It is, we are told again and again, a gospel of the doctrine of Force, which is to be destroyed at all costs, since it is provocative of wars. Nevertheless, no more refreshing source of inspiration, no more certain stimulant for sane thinking, can be found than in the "Origin of Species" and its companion volume, "The Descent of Man."

In expounding the doctrine of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest," Darwin showed, in no uncertain terms, that the

race for the means of sustaining life, nor between living organisms at large for a place in the sun. The struggle to live is a struggle which every



CAPTURED BY BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: A FEW OF OUR AUSTRIAN PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE ENEMY OFFENSIVE.—[British Official Photograph.]

living thing has to face, with the whole environment, animate and inanimate. The survival of every living thing, from amoeba to man, is contingent on its ability to adapt itself to the conditions of its environment. Before ever the

works, and in their place set up the golden calf of "Idealism," is to bid us take the road to ruin. High ideals we should all cherish, but they must bear some relation to the hard facts of life.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

ACHIEVING "THE IMPOSSIBLE"

At St. Dunstan's Hostel for our Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

To reconstruct the whole life of the men suddenly and completely blinded in the war, so as to enable them cheerfully and efficiently again to resume a normal place among the world's workers might well—before St. Dunstan's showed the way—have been deemed an "impossible task."

Nevertheless, the "impossible" has been achieved—a miracle has been wrought. Hundreds of these blinded heroes, who in a former age might have been regarded as permanently incapacitated, and who might easily have fallen into a sombre, soul-deadening inactivity, with ultimate loss of spirit as well as of self, have already been purged of the mental gloom that menaced reason itself, lifted into the bright atmosphere of hope, trained to some economically valuable occupation and provided with a career which has rendered them not merely self-supporting but able also, in many cases, to engage successfully in skilled and well remunerated employment in competition with sighted folk.

How is it all done? How is the loss of one of the chief, nay, the chiefest of the senses, so greatly mitigated as to be no longer the overwhelming disaster that it once was held to be?

Words cannot communicate the secret of St. Dunstan's, for it is a thing of the spirit. It is a new attitude towards blindness, a new psychology enforced and illustrated in his own person by Sir Arthur Pearson, who will not admit that

*"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."*

—W. E. HENLEY.

commencing attending lectures at the Liverpool University on advanced anatomy, physiology, massage, and electricity."

POULTRY FARMER.

LIEUT. C. BULMAN,
21st Northumberland Fusiliers.

"The sum total of the eggs produced since the commencement of my little farm on the 4th January is 1962. Considering that I only began with a stock of 40 birds, which has been gradually increased to 100 birds, this may, I think, be looked upon as a quite satisfactory result."

Here, then, is rebuilding work of an order far beyond the scope and power of any Ministry of Reconstruction, for the raw material is

nothing less than the human soul.

What, one may well ask, would in all probability have been the fate of these hundreds of men had they not had the inestimable blessing of a St. Dunstan's to rescue them from blank despair and fit them again, mentally and materially, for an active life among their fellow men?

It is a work that calls for your assistance as well as your sympathy. The cost is heavy, and the demands upon the services of the Hostel steadily increase with the prolongation of the war. Some 600 men are at present resident at St.

Dunstan's and its adjacent Annexes, all of whom must be taught, trained, and started in life in their new career.

Your HELP is required.
What will YOU send?

These men offered their lives and lost their sight in the great Cause—in *your* service, *your* cause. Let it never be upon your conscience that you held back anything you might have given them in return—as a thank-offering.

All subscriptions and donations should be addressed to The Treasurer, ST. DUNSTAN'S Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1. (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).

An excellent way to raise funds for St. Dunstan's is by organising Fêtes, Bazaars, Concerts, &c. Will you help?



St. Dunstan's, with its adjacent Annexes, as it appeared from an aeroplane.



Blinded learning carpentry. The blind supervisor (on right) lends an invaluable sympathetic aid.

loss of sight is to be regarded as "an affliction"; but that it is simply a handicap which, with patience and perseverance, can be surmounted.

This, in short, is the principle that lies behind the work at St. Dunstan's. But it is much more than this, for the whole work there is pervaded with gracious influences, with helpful sympathy, encouragement, and a dauntless optimism that never allows the blind man to despair of his future. It is fraught with the spirit that enables him triumphantly to cry:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

though my life be laid in ruins yet will I build it afresh; though handicapped beyond others, yet will I run the race; though blind, yet will I see."

The actual work at St. Dunstan's has been often described, and it is now generally known, how the men, coming straight from the Hospital to the Hostel, are at once made to feel that life—though in darkness—need hold no gloomy prospects; how they are one and all taught to read Braille and to use the typewriter; and how, in a trade or employment of their own selection, and in a period shorter than ever known in previous experience, they are trained until capable of holding their own successfully in competition with sighted workers.

After three full years, during which over 500 men have passed through St. Dunstan's, it is now possible to "take stock," and to survey some of the fruits of the devoted and unceasing labour there spent on behalf of these blinded soldiers and sailors.

From the testimony of a cloud of witnesses, only the barest selection can here be made. Rather than attempt to summarise the evidence, let these few letters, taken almost at random from a vast



Blinded learning bootmaking at St. Dunstan's.



"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

Shall such sublime courage lack your sympathetic support? NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

NEW NOVELS.

"Truant Happiness."

One of the ways to capture truant happiness, for minds innocent and quiet, is plainly to read the novels of

Mme. Albanesi. They follow certain sound and satisfactory rules in novel-making. Their writer tells a story, and she does not preach, or pitch too piteous a tale. She holds firmly to a tone which allows them to be left with confidence on the drawing-room table. Also, they are written about young people—but not too young. "Truant Happiness" (Ward, Lock) is a war story; but it neither fulminates against the Hun nor reproduces with too meticulous accuracy the agonised phases of this or any other nation between now and 1914. At the same time, when Mme. Albanesi reminds us, by the example of her heroine, of the many women who have acquired a mental poise and a degree of unselfishness only equalled by

marriage. There is an under-current of war-work to stamp the book as not only agreeably human, but as keeping itself abreast of the social tide that bears the gentle-bred woman, in these days, into so many self-sacrificing activities. "Truant Happiness" is not a noteworthy piece of work, but it is pleasant entertainment.

"A King in Babylon."

The reincarnation of lovers of ancient Egypt in the twentieth century is a theme which bears the amplification applied to it in "A King in Babylon" (Hutchinson). An American cinematograph company, low in the water on account of a paucity of ideas, received inspiration from Henley's verse, and started off to Luxor to film a story founded upon the poem. They picked up a little French actress at Marseilles, whose first encounter with Jimmy, the star, foreshadowed the occult adventures which were to follow. The discovery of a King's tomb, and the disinterment of his mummy and the walled-up corpse of the "Christian slave" let loose the spirits of the dead; and weird indeed were the proceedings thereafter of handsome Jimmy and his Franco-Egyptian Princess. It can be gathered that the story contains quite as many thrills as are good for most people.

The real improbability does not appear to be to us the racing and chasing of the reincarnated "King in Babylon" and his desiccated bride, but the persistence shown by their associates in following up investigations productive of so many creepinesses. Less heroic mortals would have fled the haunted spot, and left Jimmy and his lady of the black arts to their own hair-raising devices. Mr. Burton E. Stevenson tells a good tale with all the necessary vigour. His subject, too, his method, and the atmosphere of the book are almost "topical."

"Cinderella's Suitors."

There is not much likeness to be traced between the lucky Alexa Leslie, who came into five thousand a year as she sat typing in an Auckland office, and Cinderella of the fairy story, except that "Cinderella's



WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN BRITISH WATERS: A BLUEJACKETS' MESS. PLAYING AFTER MESS.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

Suitors" (Ward, Lock) is at least as much a fairy romance as the nursery tale. The feminine touch, particularly in the wild improbabilities of the legal side of the story, is apparent in Miss Isabel Maude Peacocke's book, which abounds in ribbons and frocks, gay and sunny natures, and sentiment displayed to charm the artless eye. The plot is original in so far as it is a New Zealand maiden who inherits the fortune, and who sails upon her travels from the other end of the world—which is a reversion of the usual progress of adventurous characters in light fiction. Five thousand a year seemed to go a long way when Lexie Leslie handled it; and we are painfully reminded that in pre-war days it was looked upon, especially from a lower financial level, as abundant riches. The story is wholesome enough, and engaging in its simplicity. We see no reason to doubt that it will find favour with the young women who rattle typewriters, as Alexa did, without the prospect of a fortune approaching nearer to them than the dazzling vision prepared for the delectation of their breed by kind Miss Peacocke.



WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN BRITISH WATERS: THE POST-OFFICE ON AN AMERICAN WAR-SHIP.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

their courage from the bitter lessons of anxiety and sorrow, she reminds us too of the consolation of the trials through which we are passing. "Drastic as the schooling has been, is not the world the better for all these hearts which have been so cleansed by pain?" The end, in this strain, is not irrelevant to an easy plot, that flows on with facility through the vicissitudes of Angela's courtship and

in following up investigations productive of so many creepinesses. Less heroic mortals would have fled the haunted spot, and left Jimmy and his lady of the black arts to their own hair-raising devices. Mr. Burton E. Stevenson tells a good tale with all the necessary vigour. His subject, too, his method, and the atmosphere of the book are almost "topical."

PRE-WAR AND PRE-PELMA

By EDWARD ANTON

I AM being frequently asked, by all sorts of people, what is the actual difference which Pelmanism makes in a man or woman.

The question is best answered by simile. "Pre-war" is a term of which, unfortunately, all of us recognise the significance; it refers to a standard of values and a state of affairs which have completely passed away—for the most part beyond the possibility of recall.

"Pre-Pelman" indicates a similarly complete change in the individual. Of no other system of training, of no other experience can it be so surely said that it re-creates the individual and opens up an entirely new view of life. "In my pre-Pelman days" is a phrase which one often hears, and it refers to a condition of mind which—compared with the present—can only be termed embryonic.

Few people have truly realised—prior to taking a Pelman Course—what boundless possibilities lay ready to their hands. I have seen letters from Pelmanists telling of positions occupied by them and salaries gained by them which far transcended the wildest dreams of their "pre-Pelman days."

I think that those who adopted Pelmanism years ago deserve especial praise for their enterprise and broad-mindedness. Nowadays the sheer force of evidence or testimony or the weight of public opinion (which has become enthusiastically Pelmanistic) almost compels every progressive man or woman to take a Pelman Course.

But these earlier Pelmanists—these pioneers of the new movement—these experimenters with a new idea (as it then was)—these were clear-sighted beyond the normal. Even before the stress of war made the demand for efficiency so insistent, they had apparently grasped the vital fact that training was an essential to efficiency of mind as to efficiency of body.

And they were right. Subsequent events proved it; scientists agreed with it; and—most important of all—their own experiences endorsed it. And to-day the value of mind-training is a matter which is no longer open to question.

Two Years' Progress

In the last two years—largely owing to the courage with which "Truth" boldly advocated the new movement—Pelmanism has won national recognition. In the whole of the Empire there is not a class of the community which has not adopted Pelmanism. Brain-workers, manual-workers, soldiers, sailors, and civilians, men and women, tutors and students, scientists and society leaders—each class has found in Pelmanism a source of new strength, a key to new opportunities, an avenue leading to new possibilities.

"Too marvellous to be true," says the sceptic. But once he begins his study of "the little grey books" his scepticism is quickly dispelled. One such sceptic, to the writer's own knowledge, declared that each of the twelve books of the Pelman Course was worth £100 to him! And this in a few weeks after declaring that the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic.

"Nothing in the world would make me willingly part from my Pelman books," writes another one-time sceptic. Mr. George R. Sims and Sir James Yoxall, M.P., both own that they viewed Pelmanism with suspicion, until actual acquaintance with its principles opened their eyes and made them enthusiasts.

Look at the list of prominent men who have written in warm praise of the System and of the results achieved by its aid by all classes of men and women. In addition to Mr. George R. Sims and Sir James Yoxall, there are Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, the veteran editor of "The British Weekly," and one of the most eminent *littérateurs* of the present day, Sir H. Rider Haggard, a writer whose fame is literally world-wide; Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell, the brilliant soldier, defender of Mafeking, and founder of the Boy Scout movement; Mr. H. Greenough Smith, life-long editor of "The Strand Magazine"; Mr. Max Pemberton, the gifted novelist, who says in his article

"The Romance of Pelmanism"

that "I do not know that there is, or is going to be, any greater real romance in this 20th Century than the romance of Pelmanism."

Every day Pelmanism is attracting more and more attention. The masters and tutors of our great public schools are taking it up; officers of the Army and Navy discuss it at mess and in the ward-room; men study it in the trenches in the very firing line; business men and women can their "little grey books" upon every chance occasion.

"Pelmanism," in fact, is no longer a mysterious "cult" known only to a select few; its students are numbered by the hundred thousand, and there is not a remote corner of the Empire in which you will not find a startlingly large number of Pelmanists.

The results are as varied as the vocations of the students. Salaries doubled (and in many cases trebled); professional and social advancement; promotion for military and naval officers and men; war distinctions; educational honours; and a tremendous gain in the interests and pleasures which go to make life desirable and worthy. E. A.

38,000 New Enrolments

In five months more than 38,000 men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course! Nothing could show more plainly the growing strength of this new movement—a movement which is of infinite importance both to the individual and to the nation.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), Peers and Peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors, and artists, scientists, professors and University graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all these. Even Royalty is represented—and by several enrolments.

A full explanation of Pelmanism (with a description of the Pelman Course and a complete Synopsis of the lessons) is given in the pages of "Mind and Memory." A copy of this fascinating booklet, together with a reprint of "Truth's" sensational article on Pelmanism, and particulars showing how you may, at present, secure the full Course for one-third less than the usual fees, will be sent gratis and post free upon application to The Pelman Institute, 53, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

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LITERATURE.

"Quem di diligunt,
adolescens
moritur."

If the classical apothegm may be accepted as a grave but consolatory truth, it never found wider illustration than to-day when the flower of British youth is being cut down by the sword of war. Lieutenant William Glynn Charles Gladstone, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was the worthy grandson of a great statesman, and the son of a beloved and honoured father. The story of how he died for his country is told by Viscount Gladstone in "W. G. C. Gladstone: A Memoir" (Nisbet). With candour and affection, his uncle tells of the young officer's fine nature and sterling qualities. We see him in the Memoir as a child, a boy, at Oxford, as the Squire of Hawarden, and in the end as a Member of the House of Commons and a soldier who has given his life for his country; and the record reveals so fine an intellect, so honourable a nature, and so lovable a character that we feel that it is good to be able to say, as Tennyson said of Arthur Hallam: "'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand Where he in English earth is laid. And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land."

"Will" Gladstone's record was consistently pleasant. At Eton he won an excellent report from Mr. A. C. Benson, in 1901; and, after his death, Mr. Donaldson, the Master of Magdalen College, Oxford, wrote an equally kind and appreciative recollection. Soon he began to make a mark, although unknown to the public, and at his death it was justly said: "His place is in the hall of heroes." He visited India, Burmah, Korea, Japan, Canada, and Washington, and of his experiences we have an account evidencing keen observation. Fully and frankly we are given his reasons for joining the Army, and in them the high motives which inspired him throughout his life are unmistakably apparent. The Memoir is illustrated by a number of interesting photographs.

Good Stories from Oxford and Cambridge. Anecdote plays an enormous part in our social life, and many a man has "got on" in the world through being able to tell a good story well. Yet

the art of anecdote, like other important things in life—such as the art of love or the art of conversation—is never taught. We are left to develop our own skill in these



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TOMMIES HELPING A FAMILY TO MOVE FROM AN ENDANGERED VILLAGE.

[Official Photograph.]

matters as best we may—by experiment and by example. Nor has anecdote any great body of popular literature.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS WITH HIS STAFF.—[Official Photograph.]

It is carried on mainly by tradition, as were the lays of Homer; stories are handed down orally from generation to generation, and are learned by word of mouth, in clubs and college rooms and places where they dine. There is probably an immense mass of ungathered material ready for the compiler of a really comprehensive collection of anecdotes. The Rev. T. Selby Henrey has essayed one section of the great task, with excellent results, in his new book, "Good Stories from Oxford and Cambridge" (Simpkin, Marshall), as in his previous volume, "Attic Salt." His sub-title, "The Saving Grace of Humour," is abundantly justified. The anecdotes and witticisms he has collected range from the thirteenth century onwards, and he has classified them under various headings, such as "University Stories," "The Public-School Boy," "Great Churchmen," "Old Chestnuts for Young Preachers," "Niceties of Speech," "Good Company," "Grave and Gay," and "Omnium Gatherum."

Clerical and academic humour has a bouquet of its own, and Mr. Henrey is adept at conveying its subtle charm. Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, Oxford, contributes an equally happy introduction. Both he and Mr. Henrey have felt the need of disarming criticism by recommending the virtues of that symbolic fruit, the chestnut. Every collection of anecdotes is bound to contain some varieties of that species, but one man's chestnut is another man's joy; and, as the author well says in conclusion, "an old story retold can make glad the minds of a new generation." Like *Oliver Twist*, we are still hungry.

Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., at the annual meeting of the Sanitas Company, Ltd., congratulated the shareholders upon the satisfactory results of the year's working. The sales had exceeded those of any previous year, in consequence, more particularly, of increased supplies of disinfectants to the various military and naval authorities, and continued expansion of the export trade of the company. He looked forward with confidence to the continued prosperity of the business, which had now completed a successful career of forty years. A balance dividend of 4½ per cent., making a total distribution of 8 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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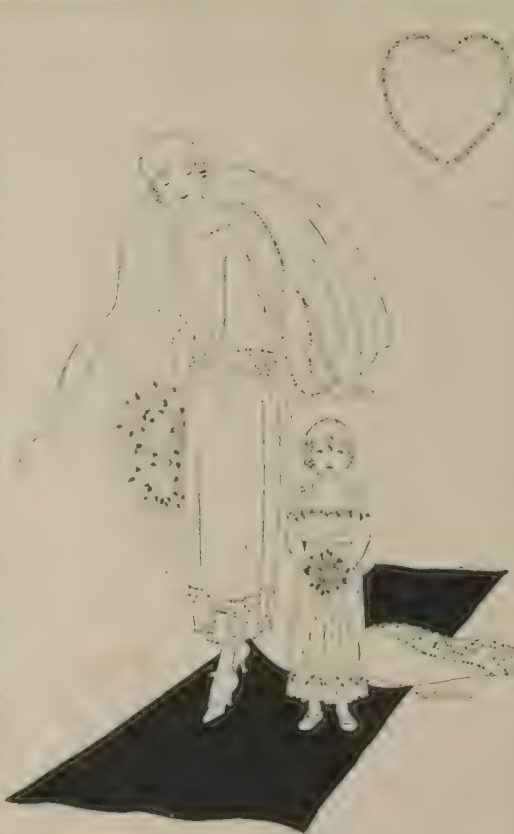
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LADIES' PAGE.

THERE is most urgent need for women to help to gather in the harvest. The work on the land in past months, and the kind response of the earth to that culture, will in large part be wasted if substitutes cannot be found for the men who are to be taken from labour on the land. Perhaps other substitutes than yet more women ought to be found in far larger numbers than at present; German prisoners possibly ought to be made, in any way that they will understand being "made," to work for the bread they consume—perhaps Government Departments are still over-swollen with men. But it is a question of utilising to the utmost any and every possible source of human labour till the ripening harvest is garnered, and women must take a yet larger share in the task, so far as there are left any unemployed in war work with the requisite physical strength. These cannot be very many; but some young, strong, and unoccupied girls—or girls who can leave their present less urgent work for a time at least—there are, and they should go at once to the Labour Bureau of their respective localities and enter their names. They will not be adequately paid, and too often no comfortable living accommodation is forthcoming. But it is sacrifice that is needed.

"National Baby Week" followed hard on the Premier's appeal for ten thousand more women to help get in the harvest, as if to remind the world that there is a vast field in which women alone must labour—to wit, home-tending and child-rearing. A strong urgency to increase families is being applied to women at the same time as all these other and novel demands on our time and strength are being made. To care properly for each helpless child, much out of the time and energy of an adult woman is daily needed. This cannot be dispensed with, or the child dies. The nurse need not necessarily be the mother herself; but it is a poor chance for baby if its own loving mother do not at least closely supervise the paid caretaker. No paid caretakers in an institution or crèche, even no unwatched home nurse, supplies the mother's place. One great reason why the children of the poor die early in sadly large proportion is that they cannot often get enough care taken of them. There are usually two or three helpless little ones at one time—three children under four years of age is by no means uncommon amongst the poor—and the mother who tries to care for such a family properly without the aid of paid servants is overburdened. How is she to go out and do any other sort of work—war needs or not? She has more than her share of work in her home. Even better-off mothers, up to quite rich ones, must and do give much time and work to the personal



A PICTURESQUE WEDDING-DRESS AND QUAIN FROCK FOR A LITTLE BRIDESMAID.

The wedding-dress is of white charmeuse trimmed with pearls. The under-bodice of silver cloths is veiled with white tulle, as are the tight under-sleeves. The little bridesmaid wears a quaint frock of white tulle trimmed with pink tulle, roses, and a sash of blue ribbon. The sandal shoes are blue, and she carries a bouquet of pink roses and forget-me-nots.

care of their own children; and more than ever now, for the girls who would have been our nursery maids are part of the young, strong force of thousands of women doing war work whom the King so heartily eulogised in responding to the loyal address of the war-working women in congratulation on the royal silver wedding. In "calling up" women, whether by moral persuasion or conscription, let it not be forgotten that the home and family daily work cannot be left undone, and that a great proportion of the, apparently unoccupied young women one may see about the streets are actually doing those indispensable duties, making homes for men and children.

Princess Mary's entrance upon training as a nurse at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street is setting a good example to other girls. She is by no means the first royal lady to learn to nurse the sick, however. The ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal, who is an Orleans Princess born and brought up in England, holds a certificate of training; and Princess Arthur of Connaught has for a considerable period assisted practically in nursing at St. Mary's Hospital. Princess Mary is now undertaking a certain amount of public work by herself, her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Joan Mulholland, having been appointed especially to accompany the youthful Princess on her personal appearances at public functions.

Lord Rhondda has given his life for the country, in performing wonderfully well the difficult task of regulating those inevitable deprivations and deficiencies of food materials that come home personally to every individual. In many points, of course, he had to act and speak according to the advice of "experts," and if he believed and acted in his own person upon the dictum that he was advised to put out to the country—to the effect that "a person doing hard brain-work requires no more food than those who do nothing at all"—he may have sacrificed his own valuable life to a theory that no hard brain-worker can believe. Presumably some "expert" also is responsible for a regulation that seems to me most unfortunate both from the physical and the moral points of view—namely, that growing boys are now being allowed an extra meat ration over that of the girls of the same age. To get through the years of growth well, and to keep nerves and organic life strong, girls need as much food as boys—every mother knows it. The moral effect on boys at the formative age of being governmentally authorised to have universal preference in comfort and well-being over their sisters—to grab an extra share because they are male—must be equally bad for the next generation, in which the women must in any event have "a very hard row to hoe."

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A black and white portrait of a young child with curly hair, wearing a ruffled collar, pointing upwards with their right index finger.

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Sample and useful Handbook for mothers entitled "How to Feed the Baby," sent Free on Request. MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Peckham, S.E. 15.

Don't stop having nice things because eggs and sugar are scarce, and the flour unusual—try these *real war recipes*

IF your family is one of those that *simply must* have something good to eat, here is good news for you.

Miss Elsie Mary Wright, "Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National School of Cookery, whom everyone now knows as one of the most famous cooks in London, has just devised a fine new series of real war-time recipes — attractive, though not dear cakes and sweets—especially for your needs.

These recipes save sugar,

save eggs, and show how by using GOODALL'S Egg Powder, you can get over the difficulty of the present flour into the bargain.

With your own recipes too you'll find GOOD-ALL'S Egg Powder a tremendous help—you can use one-third the usual eggs (or even none at all) and still get splendid results.

Almost all good grocers have it now—write us if yours hasn't. Note the economical prices too—1½d. per packet, large tins 7d. and 1s. 2d.

Why not try this?

TREACLE SPONGE.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 4 ozs. suet, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 tablespoonful Goodall's Egg Powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of treacle or syrup, one egg, milk to bind.

METHOD.—Mix the flour with the ground ginger, a pinch of salt and the suet finely chopped; warm the treacle slightly and mix it in the flour with the beaten egg and sufficient milk to form a soft mixture. Beat in a level tablespoonful of Goodall's Egg Powder at the last, turn into a greased basin, cover with greased paper and steam 2 hours.

Miss Wright reports:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty . . . its great advantage over other Egg substitutes is that it contains a minimum of Baking Powder, the consequence being that cakes, etc., made with it retain all their richness instead of being dry and tasteless. Analysis also shows that Goodall's Egg Powder contains valuable albumens and phosphates."



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THOSE women who always wear Delta lace shoes are recommended to buy Delta War Time shoes. The former are in short supply but the latter are in good supply nowadays.

These War Time shoes are made, too, on the same lasts and are every bit as comfortable as Delta Nos. 140 and 170.

All are lace shoes, Oxford and Derby patterns, and are sold at the Government

laces extra.

The same shops that sell women's also sell men's War Time boots at 26/; a pair or 12/2 a pair. The shoes are made of leather or I have been so lucky as to lose a leg.



• A—18/2

THE PLAYHOUSES.

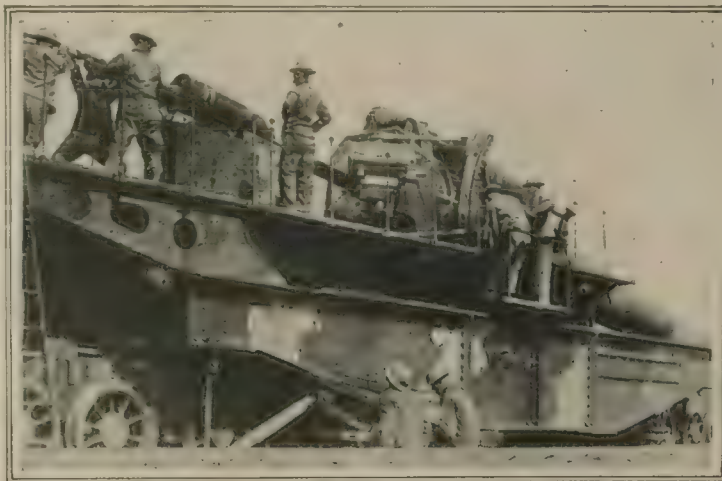
"THE HIDDEN HAND," AT THE STRAND.

IF the phrase, "The Hidden Hand," as applied to espionage, is to be taken literally, it can only be so as representing an organisation which makes plots and effects mischief in secret. But the play for which Mr. Laurence Cowen appropriates the title, shows us spying which is childishly transparent, and does not even disguise a German accent. Only a blind man could fail to see the "hidden hand" in this case; and only the most credulous of folk could take Mr. Cowen's naturalised villain or the melodrama of his villainy seriously. Sir Charles Rosenbaum, on the best of telegraphic terms with the Kaiser, is a Clyde shipowner who subsidises his workmen to go on strike, and schemes to secure the destruction of the bulk of the British by signalling to enemy aircraft. Imagine him, then, turning on the electric light so as to illuminate the glass roof of his place, and imagine, as soon as he retires, the heroine emerging from hiding, and praying for strength to turn off a quite ordinary-looking switch, and you have the play's chief thrill. There is, to be sure, a revolver which has its uses, an appeal to the arch-roguer's better nature, and an Army chaplain who preaches stage sermons, and brings the plotters to book; but the author has not learnt the trick of handling his sensational material in a forcible enough way. Such players as Mr. William Stack and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke worked their hardest for him; the former's eloquence was worthy of better surroundings.

The House of Pearson is publishing shortly a useful shilling book entitled "Farming Made Easy," by Professor Newsham, Principal of Monmouthshire Agricultural and Horticultural Institute. Mr. Newsham is an authority on agricultural subjects, and he has written a book which will by its very simplicity be of practical utility to the many men and women who have taken up work on the land.



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE: A VISUAL
SIGNALLING-POST ON A CANAL BANK.
Official Photograph.



WITH THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE: U.S. GUNNERS SLIDING A SHELL INTO PLACE IN A BIG GUN.
American Official Photograph.

"A POET'S PILGRIMAGE."

SOME may resent the detachment of a book that ignores the urgencies of our time to chronicle the small lives of a lad in a war-torn land. But, if it provides diversion for war-harassed minds, it justifies its existence. There is no mention of date in "A Poet's Pilgrimage," by W. H. Davies (Andrew Melrose), which opens vaguely, "some time ago, in the month of May," but about midway occurs an incident that seems to have happened since Armageddon began. It was in the author's native town of Newport, where he talked with three old women. "The eldest," we read, "claimed that war could be stopped by a special hour of prayer, when all Christians . . . would kneel for that purpose. 'And now,' she continued, 'let us all kneel down and pray for the extermination of England's enemies.'" That is the only reference to the war. For the rest, the author details his adventures on the road in South Wales and the West of England. Apart from occasional verses prefixed to some of the chapters, there is nothing very poetical about this poet's pilgrimage—in

fact, the style is marked by simplicity verging on the bald and commonplace, with frequent use of such expressions as "I was much struck," or "My attention was drawn." The merit of the book is its photographic fidelity in recording the trivial and the actual. The author is much interested in tramps and bar-loafers in wayside inns, and is constantly standing them drinks, or dispensing copper largesse to beggars or children. On the "penny for your thoughts" principle he thus acquired much amusing copy throwing light on the brotherhood of the road. But he knew it well of old, for, like the late Jack London, he was once a real tramp himself; and he tells us also that he began his career as an ironmonger's errand boy. He is more interested in tramps than in traditions: he passes a sign-post to Caerleon without comment, and an incident offering an obvious comparison of himself to the Pied Piper of Hamelin evokes no allusion. He tramps in something of the spirit of Stevenson's "Vagabond." But he differs in a preference for company, and constantly finds "his warmest welcome at an inn."

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Medical Opinion:

"The principal indication in the treatment of arterio-sclerosis consists in preventing the birth and development of arterial lesions. During the process of production of the disease, the most important factor causing hyper-tension, it is therefore necessary to combat early and frequently the retention of uric acid in the organism by the use of URODONAL."

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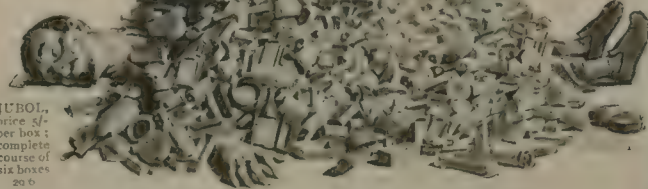
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"I find Sanatogen wonderful for building up a run-down system"—writes Lieutenant-General Young (U.S. Army), and he adds—"I can cheerfully recommend it to those who may be suffering from fatigue and nervousness." Look once more at the writer of this letter—keen, fearless, sincere to the backbone—the type of man that the Hun is up against in ever-increasing numbers.

Then ask yourself, Can you afford to ignore a recommendation so honestly given—so forceful and convincing—so applicable to all of us in this country who, after four years of war, are inevitably run-down, fatigued, and nervous? Buy a tin of genuine Sanatogen as soon as your chemist can spare you one. Made from perfectly phosphorised milk-protein (*not* whole milk) it is indeed a wonderful body-builder and nerve tonic; and you can still get it at pre-war prices—1/9 to 9/6 per tin.

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Note: Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

War Cars After the War.

What is to become of the thousands of cars which are now engaged on war service when peace comes again and the fighting Services will have no further use for them? Many people look forward to there being a tremendous glut of cars in excellent running order, which will bring the prices of high-class vehicles down to almost cycle prices—they expect to be able to purchase a Napier or a Rolls for a ten-pound note! I believe they are destined to be disappointed in their hope, for neither the Government (which has paid full prices for its cars, and naturally desires to get back as much as possible of its outlay) nor the industry (which, equally of course, does not want to see a slump in prices) is letting the matter go by default. I am told that, on the contrary, the question is receiving close attention, and that a solution has been practically arrived at. The idea, as it has been outlined to me, is that as cars are passed out of commission they will return as far as possible to their manufacturers, who are the best judges of the exact selling value, having regard to mileage run and general condition. They will be put into the best possible selling condition, and sold to the general public at what the makers decide is a fair price. This seems to me an excellent solution of a problem that would otherwise cause trouble in the markets. Whether or not other classes of war stores will be dealt with in a similar manner I do not know—nor, perhaps, does it matter so far as the purposes of these notes are concerned—but the idea is one that certainly seems to be capable of extension far beyond the limits of motoring and the car.

Of course, from the point of view of the private purchaser of the car it might at first sight seem to be a good thing that he should be able to acquire a really good vehicle for next to nothing; but that, after all, is the viewpoint of the individual. On the other side are the interests of the State and of the industry, and it seems to me that any plan whereby those interests can be best served should take precedence. In the case of the State, the more of our war expenditure

we can recover the less we shall have to pay in taxes, obviously. When we regard the interests of the industry, too—unless we look at the question from a merely superficial



ON WAR SERVICE: A LUXURIOUS LANCHESTER.

Mrs. Clegg, a well-known lady driver attached to the R.A.C., is here seen on military duty at the wheel of a 38-h.p. six-cylinder Lancashire saloon limousine. The car was built in 1913, and was much admired at Olympia in the Exhibition of that year.

point of view, we can see that it is for the good not only of the industry, but for that of the whole movement of

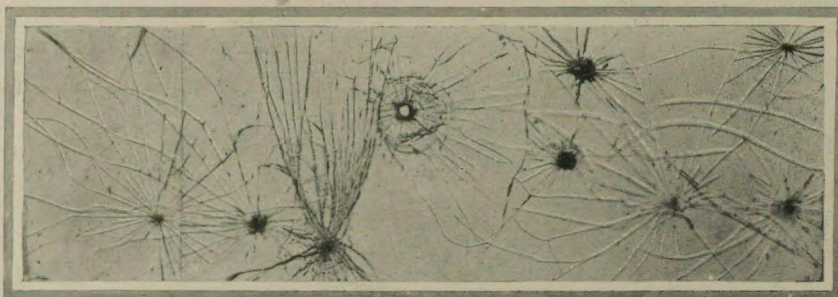
automobilism, that there should be no great depreciation in car prices immediately after the war. It is easy to see that, were thousands of cars to be thrown on the market at knock-out prices, a permanent effect on manufacture would ensue. New cars would be at a discount, and the process of reconstruction of the business would be indefinitely retarded. Far better, then, that some such scheme as that outlined should be put into operation, and cars disposed of gradually and at fair prices, which will give everyone—the State, the motor industry, and the car-purchaser—a part of the advantage.

State Control of the Roads.

As a rule, the *Autocar* is remarkable for the soundness of its views on all topics connected with automobilism. It is the more surprising, then, to find it expressing alarm at a report that the highways of the country are to be placed under a State Department to be administered in the interests of the military authorities. Personally, I have heard nothing more than the bare rumour, and do not profess to know whether or not there is any truth in it. But I really cannot see any strong argument against the idea. It is not as though our past and present systems of highway administration had proved so perfect in practice that no changes were needed. Of course, a good deal depends in the present instance on exactly what is meant by the term: "In the interests of the military authorities." If it means that the highways are to pass for all time under direct military control, then I should say that there is every possible objection to the idea; but I certainly do not gather that this is likely to be so.

What I conceive to be the meaning of it all is that the roads are to be placed under a Department of Ways and Communications—it would not be called that, possibly, but would be the same thing—which would work in consultation with the War Office. Under such a system as I have in mind, we should get what we have been asking for—a central control of main highways. That would be good, for a start. Then, the highways would be strategically systematised; and, as the requirements of strategic defence call for exactly the same arterial distribution

(Continued overleaf.)



A SHRAPNEL-PROOF WIND-SCREEN: THE AUSTER-TRIPLEX.

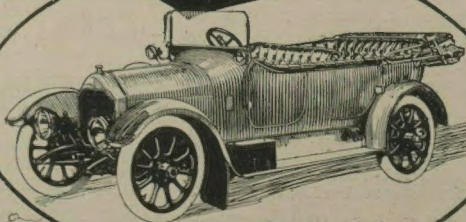
The wind-screen as seen on a Crossley car attached to the R.A.F. is an Auster-Triples, and, although a shell exploded near the car, and it was struck by eight shrapnel bullets, only one penetrated the glass, which, but for one small hole, remains perfectly rigid and strong, air-tight and watertight, and fit to continue its work as usual.

When the War birds Return --

—those who have risked their lives at the Front will find peace, comfort and solace once more in touring the country roads of England in a post-war 'HUMBER' Car.

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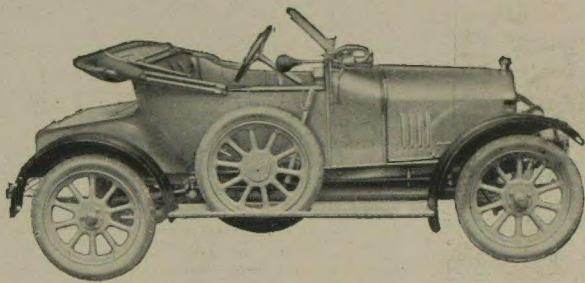
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FREEDOM.

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RUMOUR HAS IT

that when peace returns, private motoring will be at a standstill for want of cars, owing, it is understood, to the fact that manufacturers will not be ready with their plans. As far as concerns the post-war Swift car, however, rumour is decidedly wrong. Swift plans are laid, and although at this moment it is not possible to publish them, intending Swift owners may rest assured that the arrangements we have made will fully maintain the Swift reputation.

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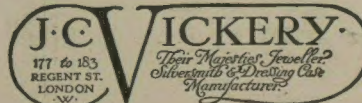
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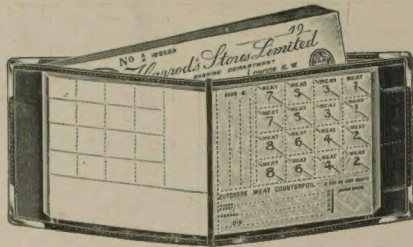
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